Haſt. His grace lookes cheerefully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewne it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my graciour Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaught
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpa
I now repent I told the Purſuant
As twere triumphing at mine ener
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily wer
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy
Is lightened on poore *Haſtings* wre
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Du
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of wor
Which we more hunt for, then fo
Who builds his hopes in aire of y
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a m
Ready with euery nod to tumble
Into fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, bea
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſha

Enter Duke of Gloſter and B

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou qu
Murther thy breath in middle of a
And then begin againe and ſtop a
As if thou were deſtraught and ma
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Trage
Speake, and looke backe, and prie
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſm
And both are readie in their offic
To grace my ſtratagems.
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge t
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent fo
Glo. *Catesby* ouerlooke the walle
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee,
Buc. God and our innocencie
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

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